



An Unkown Killer



41 7 4

Chapter 1 by Meggy

September 4, 1845

Rocking in a chair by the fire place a man sat contemplating his day. Not knowing what to do next he stood up only to find someone knocking at the door. He silently walked over to the door, but before he could open it, the door revealed a group of people; their faces illuminated with fire. "Kill the Monster!" An angry mob exclaimed in unison. At the back of the mob were the man's parents, with a look of despair they chimed, "the monster, kill him." Just 3 months ago the man murdered 5 people, all of which were his own family. He didn't fight it because he knew he wasn't the killer. Soon enough the people would figure it out. Maybe when they were all dead.

The man was sent down to the torture room.

Chapter 2 by Adisoccer1223



He observed the torture devices that lined the room. He was careful to avoid touching them, fearful that they slightest contact would send him into an oblivion that would destroy his very soul.

And that was when the monster came.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by Florence12

Login

or

Create new account



She didn't look like one, but once he looked into her piercing black eyes, he could see straight into her corrupted soul. Her cruel eyes sparkled at the sight of the cuffed man. A smile, showing yellow

rotting teeth, sprouted, twisted, on her pale face, which shone in the light of the candles lining the underground room. Her leather boots clinked on the stone floor, echoing off the ceiling and walls. As she hastened towards him she let her hands pet the devices covered in something powdery that looked very much like dried blood. When she reached the man after her stroll in the garden of mechanical statues she held a small dagger with a needle like blade. Eyeing his thick arm she smiled and gave a vile chuckle. "You and I are going to have a lot of fun," she said her voice low and smooth not unlike one of an opera singer. An evil opera singer.

Chapter 4 by Florenceia



She grabbed his arm, poisoning the blade over his tan skin like a quill. Looking into his eyes she dug the dagger deeper, deeper into his arm until the skin broke and red blood blossomed like rose. He let out a gasp, refusing to let out the scream building in his throat. Disappointing the women pulled the dagger forming letters, then words etched onto his arm.

"Murder, Murder, Murder." she wrote over and over in deep red ink.

The man didn't scream, only let out strained gasps through clenched teeth.

"Scream for me, let me hear the pain." the small woman breathed into his ear.

Chapter 5 by Adisoccer1223



She continued to carve the letters into his skin, screaming with each letter she penned.

"MURDER! MURDER! MURDER!" She screamed, her voice moving up to an octave range that was difficult to register in his ears. The knife darted in and around his skin, etching the letters deeper until his arm was nothing but a sea of blood.

"MURDER! MURDER! MURDER!" She cried, her breathing quickening.

"MURDER! MURDER! MURD-" and with those final words, she passed out.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account